VOICES *of* PEACE

May, 1931

RALEIGH, N. C.

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VOICES *of* PEACE

A Literary Magazine Published Quarterly by
the Students of Peace Institute

Volume IV | May, 1931 | Number 3

MAY, 1931

Subscription $1.50 a Year | Single Copies 40 Cents

Entered as second-class mail matter at the postoffice at Raleigh, N. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL:		PAGE
Responsibility		85
Illusions	CORA SOUTHERLAND, '32	86
The Gift of Death	NANCY LINK, '32	87
Revelation	CAROLINE WARD, '32	90
Musings	SUZANNE MELICK, '32	91
Chewing Gum	SUZANNE MELICK, '32	93
Slumber Song	SUZANNE MELICK, '32	94
Jugtown, North Carolina	RACHEL WRIGHT, '31	95
My Picture	CORA SOUTHERLAND, '32	101
Korean Third-Class Pullman	LOUISE NEWLAND, '32	102
Requiem	ALICE SEARIGHT, '32	104
The Fifty Dollar Bill	SUZANNE MELICK, '32	105
Cinquain	LULA BELLE HIGHSMITH, '31	108
Wind-Lover	CAROLINE WARD, '32	109
The Dentist	ZELLAH WASHBURN, '32	110
Haircuts	CAROLINE WARD, 32	111
Venetian Lace	MARY A. GAFFNEY, '32	112
A Formula	CATHERINE HARRINGTON, '32	115
Veil of Night	CAROLINE WARD, '32	116
Catullus	LOUISE NEWLAND, '32	117
Too Late	CATHERINE HARRINGTON, '32	118
On Being One of Ten Children	MILDRED WOMBLE, '32	121
SKETCH:		
"It's a Great Life"	ALICE MCKINNON, '31	122
Book Review, *Laughing Boy*	ELIZABETH MAULDIN, '31	124
News Notes		126
Directory		128

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VOLUME IV MAY, 1931 NUMBER 3

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EDITORIAL

RESPONSIBILITY

There is an almost mooted question, "Will Junior College girls accept responsibility?" This question seems to us hardly more significant than, "Will girls anywhere accept responsibility?" The answer in both cases is, "Some will and some won't." There are those who accept the presidency of an organization, and shift their responsibilities to the vice-president or to whoever will take it. There are those who accept the editorship of a publication and leave the work for the faculty

advisor. There are committee chairmen who forget their duties and wake up six months later to the fact that the president has been forced to take charge of the special task for which the chairman was responsible. And there is a threateningly large number of those with no particular job who are afflicted with the habit of letting Jane do it, almost regardless of what "it" is. Such shirking, for it is nothing less, has serious consequences for the individual and the group. It can become deeply ingrained in the character, making it increasingly difficult for the person to handle a situation.

Fortunately there are those who, for whatever reason, take the responsibilities incident to their honors. Not only is this desirable for the present but it is a preparation for taking larger duties as they present themselves. For such persons every nominating committee and every executive as she makes appointments breathe heartfelt thanks. They deserve the praises of poets; if they do not always find themselves overwhelmed with these praises, they do receive the more substantial commendation of being entrusted with new and larger opportunities for development and service.

ILLUSIONS

Liars to ourselves we are—
With our vain illusions;
Skillfully arranging Life
To suit our own conclusions.

CORA SOUTHERLAND, '32.

THE GIFT OF DEATH

Brilliant sunlight shot through the door. And amid dirt and filth its piercing rays found a creature—she was cowering in the corner, trembling and beseeching. Unkempt hair straggled over her forehead; brown eyes filled with an undefinable longing were scarcely discernible in her soiled face. With a piteous cry, she flung both hands over her face and sank still farther back into the corner, disturbing the rest of a blinking rodent.

Heavy footsteps came nearer and nearer. Wildly she looked around. Over in another corner something gleamed—stealthily she crept toward it, her ragged draperies marking a trail on the floor. She pounced upon the gleaming object, then turned with a triumphant light in her strangely glowing eyes. The footsteps ceased. A rough voice said, "Here's the place."

Immediately the entrance of the sunlight was blocked; etched on the floor was the shadow of a man, and then there were many strangely bobbing shadows. The crouching figure slowly pulled itself erect, and backed against the wall. With an odd movement of dignity she tossed her hair back from her face and looked at the intruders.

A voice said, "Dirty little hovel, here. Fully three miles from the village, too. It's bad we had all this tramp for nothing. She's not the one—why she's crazy as a loon. Young-looking too. Wonder who she is?"

"Perhaps we had better leave a little food, she looks as if she were starving to death. Don't see how she can live at all, out here in this jungle all alone," said another man, as he proceeded to unstrap his knapsack.

One of the soldiers standing at the back of the group, turned away with downcast face, and with lagging footsteps sought

coolness and solitude. Frantically his brain traveled round and round in an endless cycle; wearily he rubbed his forehead—Defeated again!

"Poor Jack, just another wild goose chase for him; he'll never find his Christina; probably the natives killed her the very night of the revolt. Ever since the day the government troops came from B..... and thrashed those beastly natives and released him from prison, he's been looking for his wife."

"They'd only been married about a month; you know she came out here to visit her uncle, the lieutenant-governor. And was she pretty? Everybody fell in love with her—boy! when she rolled those big brown eyes, you were a goner."

Suddenly torrents of rain began to fall—one of those quick tropical showers. "Let's go in the shack; this'll be over in a minute," suggested one of the men.

As the tall uniformed soldiers stepped through the door, for an instance the face of that strange creature glowed with recognition and reason; dimly she remembered seeing people dressed like this, and then all was blank. The room grew darker, and seemed to be filled with people. Surely, something was after her; she looked this way and that in a frenzy. Darkness was closing in; it was deathly hot, and now freezingly cold. They were going to get her and hurt her again. Yes, that was it, but she would fool them. A sudden gleam, a wild shriek, and then a dull thud.

"What the.... oh, just the girl; she's killed herself. Poor thing, I reckon she was afraid of us. Well we can bury her before we go. Look around, Bill, and see if there are any papers or things telling who she is."

With the suddenness of its beginning, the rain stopped, and with a sigh of relief the men stepped out on the wet, steaming ground. From the dense shelter of the jungle, Jack stepped into the little clearing, "We'd better start back; it's slow going

in the canoe, and I've just thought of another place we can look."

"Just in a few minutes, Jack. The girl, here, has killed herself; we had better bury her before we go I think."

"Killed herself! Oh, that's terrible. What is there about this country that gets a fellow? Sooner or later we all seem to come to it, or else we are chucked off by a native."

Pretending not to have heard, the men busied themselves with shovels. Jack turned toward the hut. He slowly entered and when he had disappeared, one of the men whispered, "Quick! all you fellows, go to the canoe, and keep still. I left a note in there telling him that we had gone, and that we'd be back tomorrow morning. He'll want to be alone."

. . . . . .

The stillness was oppressive; the door of the hut was shut to the fading brilliance of the jungle. Inside, in the dim twilight, a beautiful girl lay still in the arms of a man, who murmured something as he stroked tangled hair back from her face. Now it is quite dark. Silently he gets up and lights a candle. The room is filled with a soothing peace, but outside the night is dark, and filled with the far-away threatening sounds of the jungle.

Nancy Link, '32.

REVELATION

Wise men and foolish, loud and long
Have reasoned, argued, thought upon
This secret God; and carelessly
The Wisest Moment came—to me!
My cheek against the living sod,
I lay and pondered—What is God?
And thus my swelling heart did sing:
"'Tis joy! 'Tis love of man and thing—
'Tis fairness in a flower-face,
A tender maiden's gentle grace—
'Tis strong young limbs—'tis Spring's bright air,
And sunbeams tangled in your hair."
The answer throbbed beneath my breast;
To God's own Self my face was pressed,
'Twas God's own Self above me stretched,
With lines of sunlight faintly etched
On field of blue. 'Twas there unfurled,
His banner, over this, the World,
His palace polyglot; and He
Reached out and placed His hand on me.

CAROLINE WARD, '32.

MUSINGS

Lost Arts are always splendid topics for conversation when one wishes to make a favorable impression. The very words suggest that the speaker is possessed of an extensive and profound mind.

Letter-writing, or the Delicate Art of Foolish and Flowery Correspondence, is one of the most completely lost arts that ever existed. In modern libraries there are always volumes of the correspondence of great men. Who can not recall from childhood, seeing "The Life and Letters of Jonathan Spoopendyke" occupying a prominent place in the family library? The letters, if anyone had ever taken the time to read them, would probably have been found to be detailed accounts of how the sun set behind the White Mountains or how Julia looked that last evening in the grape arbor.

Today we are becoming versed in a new art which will no doubt in its turn become lost or at least misplaced during the course of the next few centuries. The bulk of our correspondence today is composed by a formula similar to this: "Really haven't time to write. Just a note to say hope we can get together soon. Yours in haste,—."

It is amusing to stop and wonder if there will be, in the modern library a hundred years hence, volumes of letters written in the twentieth century. But it is doubtful if enough letters could be accumulated to fill a volume for its takes only a few short lines to say, "Have been too busy to write lately. Please forgive this scrawl. I'll explain when I see you. Hastily—."

. . . . . .

Things I Should Like To Do: See Mary Wigman dance. Go to Singapore. Be shorter than five feet eight. Have dessert every

night. Write poetry that would rhyme or else be blank verse. Pass Trigonometry. Be instrumental in helping to win the cup from the Pi's next year. Choke the person who first said, "O. K. by me." Find an error in Einstein's number work. Listen in on a stirring Council Meeting. See Greta Garbo in person. Put a silencer on the eternal puff-puff of the laundry. Learn to play contract without having a brainstorm. Say "Amen" aloud in church when I agree with the preacher.

. . . . . .

Things I Should Not Like To Do: All these may be summed up in the one word: Work.

. . . . . .

One consolidation Nell Battle Lewis omitted: Smithsonian, Keeley and Peace Institutes.

. . . . . .

I hereby announce myself candidate for presidency of "The Society for the Improved Equilibrium of Spring Bonnets."

. . . . . .

SUZANNE MELICK, '32.

CHEWING GUM

The most pernicious habit in America today is one which all of us condemn and in which most of us indulge. It is that of chewing gum. One and all, it has us in its clutches. Of course, there are varying degrees in which we indulge. There are the topers, the moderates and the total abstainers, but sad to relate the latter class are too widely separated to unite for any worthy purpose, such as raising the fallen brother.

Aside from the visible aspect of this vice, there is the more objectionable side of the invisible. How many of us, while innocently walking down the street have not experienced the annoying sensation of having become entangled in a mass gooey and soft in substance and tenaciously adherent in consistency? And who among the more unfortunate has not vowed undying warfare for the extermination of chewing gum after having been carefully seated in a theatre seat already unobtrusively occupied by a wad of fragrant gum?

Disarmament, prohibition, tariff rates, tax reduction and communism all dwindle into comparative insignificance when we consider this great curse of the American people: Chewing gum!

Suzanne Melick, '32.

SLUMBER SONG

Thou wee mouse hast wrecked my slumber
Times too frequently to number;
With thy hurrying scurrying feet
That o'er my head a tatoo beat.

Hast thou not for me *some* feeling?
Must thou caper twixt the ceiling
And the floor above my head,
After I have gone to bed?

Surely thou must need some rest,
So tomorrow night my guest
May have the unalloyed pleasure
Of hearing thy feet tread a measure.

Curses on thee, dancing rodent!
Would that poison were more potent!
Then might I sleep unmolested
While in mouse-Hades thou rested.

SUZANNE MELICK, '32.

JUGTOWN, NORTH CAROLINA

Jugtown is in northwestern Moore County, North Carolina. Although Jugtown has no post office, no public roads, and no railroads, it is gradually becoming known and talked of in all parts of the United States.

Some people say there is no such place as Jugtown. In an article appearing in *Country Life* Jessie Martin Breese says: "There isn't really any such place as Jugtown, North Carolina. Jugtown has the advantage over other mythical places of actually being able to claim a portion of this earth as its own, even though it is such a tiny portion that it has no actual name at all. Jugtown, instead of being the name of a town, is the name of the pottery that is made in a tiny community too many miles from anywhere else in North Carolina even to have suitable roads run into it." North Carolinians, however, would not agree with Miss Breese.

Jugtown is composed of about one hundred and twenty-five people. Just how old Jugtown is is not known, but there is in the Jugtown burying ground a marker dated 1750.

The inhabitants of Jugtown are descendants of the people who came from Staffordshire, England, and landed at Jamestown. These English people moved further inland until they reached the part of our state known today as the Piedmont Section, and some of the descendants of these first English settlers are now living in Jugtown.

The women living in Jugtown still wear bonnets season after season and continue to cook over an open fire.

Although there are only one hundred and twenty-five people living in Jugtown, the people living there do many different kinds of work. Some weave chair bottoms, others make tables

and chairs, but the majority of the inhabitants help in producing the pottery for which the community is famous.

Until recently there was no granite and tin ware available for use in the Jugtown section, so the people continued to make all of their vessels. It is said that the housewives used stoneware wash basins and pie plates of red ware up until about eleven years ago. It was not until a few years ago that the district school teacher introduced the writing pen to these people and asked them to bring something to hold the ink. The children told their parents, who in turn made earthenware ink wells with a cover. So, the ware made by these people was used for various things, because they neither knew nor had anything to use in its place.

Practically every person living in Jugtown helps in some way to make the pottery. The boys dig the clay and when one is fourteen years of age, he is given the job of ball making. This consists of removing the gravel from the clay, kneading it until it is smooth, and weighing it into lumps of the required size. The small children are taught to model hens and roosters out of balls of clay, and punch pin holes in their red and grey breasts. These are used for salt and pepper shakers.

The process of making pottery is quite an interesting one. First the clay must be freed from gravel and kneaded until it is smooth. It is then shaped into round balls in the required size. After the turner has evened out his clay, and chipped it to the desired thickness, it is then time for stacking and firing the kiln. Two people are required on the inside to hand the ware to the potter, who is inside the kiln, and two are required on the outside to hand it to the ones on the inside.

Mr. Busbee says that the burning requires from ten to fifteen hours. The heat must be very slow at first, to prevent fire cracking and then it is gradually increased until the last few hours are very exciting.

When the ware in the kiln has reached a white heat, the potter begins streaking with light wood. He then removes a brick or two from the kiln so he can see the ware. When the ware glows with a light that seems to come from within, it is then time for salting. The salt to be used has been spread out in the sun all day. The children who help stack a kiln are called "Stackdoodles." The "Stackdoodles" bring the salt in to the potter in gallon crocks. It is necessary to remove all the brick from the top of the kiln before the salting can be done. The potter throws a handful of salt at the fire end of the kiln to see if it makes the proper frying sound, and if it does he orders the children to "go ahead." They run down the kiln throwing small handfuls of salt. In order to see if there is a proper glaze on the ware, the potter puts a few splints of fat lightwood in the kiln. The lightwood instantly bursts in a flame and illumines the ware so that he can tell if there is sufficient glaze on the pieces before he lets the fire die down. In case the ware does not please the potter, he fires again and repeats the salting.

After the desired glaze has been acquired, the kiln is then shut up tight and left that way for two or three days to cool. The chimney is even covered with a sheet of iron. When the ware is taken out, the potter spreads it out in the air for a day or two and then it is ready for use.

The potters should do no other work. It is necessary for them to keep their hands sensitive for the purpose of molding the ware.

Many of the women of Jugtown spend a great deal of their time in making rugs. Some of them make rag rugs and some few of them make hook rugs. The Jugtown women do very good work and even though it is varied, they stick to the best in form and color.

Fans are made from the feathers of various birds. The most popular fan made in Jugtown is the one made from the feathers of wild turkeys, but there are also fans made suitable for evening use. These are made of the most delicate feathers, curled and dyed. The handles are made from the split quills coming down from the feathers themselves.

Various kinds of baskets are woven by the Jugtown people. Some of them are used for needlework, others to carry the "basket dinner" in, and still others for feed baskets. The majority of these baskets are woven from the strips of certain trees, but some are woven from corn shucks.

The homes in Jugtown are mere cabins. It is said that the gun is still hanging over the door as in the time of Daniel Boone. Most of the cabins are the same size and practically the same shape. Some of the homes in Jugtown are quite interesting, although one would not think so by looking at the outside. Some of the Jacobean furniture found in Jugtown is hundreds of years old. The furniture found in and near Jugtown is more simple in type than that of the Dutch Settlers of New York, or the chairs and tables used by the New Englanders.

In the more sophisticated homes may be found very old pieces of furniture reflecting clearly the styles of the eighteenth century. Most of the furniture however, is home-made.

One of the most interesting pieces of furniture found in Jugtown is the blanket chest. It stands on short legs and usually has two short drawers in the lower front and a lid the entire length of the chest. It is a combination of a chest of drawers and a chest. Some of these chests are painted bright colors, especially blue, and others are left unpainted. One chest found in Jugtown is one hundred and fifty years old.

The chairs used by the people of Jugtown are low and comfortable, with low backs containing two or three slats. The

seats are made of woven rush or corn shucks. The dresser plays a very important part in the furnishings of a room.

There is quite an interesting story told as to how Jugtown became known. Mrs. Jacques Busbee was arranging an exhibit at a county fair. She sent a helper to the nearest store to get something to put some apples in. When the helper returned instead of bringing the desired tin plates he brought back a dozen brilliant orange plates, made from the native clay.

Mrs. Busbee immediately stopped her work and went to the country store. She purchased every piece of the ware the merchant had in the store. In order to carry her ware home, she packed it in boxes and in her suitcase, and parcel-posted her clothes home.

The plates, jugs, and basins that Mrs. Busbee purchased created quite an interest in the ware. Mr. and Mrs. Busbee went back to the merchant from whom the ware had been purchased and asked where the makers could be found. He explained to them that somewhere inland was a small community called "Why Not?" There, the merchant told them were survivors of a forgotten settlement of Staffordshire colonists. Mr. Busbee, in hopes of finding this place, addressed a letter to the "Mayor" of "Why Not?" He awaited with interest the reply, but none came. He wrote the second letter and still had no reply, so he decided to go and see for himself all about the village of "Why Not?"

When Mr. Busbee got there, he understood why he had had no answer to either of his letters. The village was composed of three small cabins, and instead of finding the potter's wheel, he found that the sawmill, and cotton factory had "absorbed" the majority of the people. Mr. Busbee found a few old men making pickle jars and dishes for the use of the neighbors. These jars, etc., were peddled along the backwoods roads in a covered

wagon. It was in this way that the twelve orange-colored plates had been brought to the country store.

Jugtown pottery had never been seventy-five miles from its source until it was registered about eleven years ago.

Mr. Busbee forgot his career as a painter and set about trying to bring the potters back to their pottery making. He moved into one of the tiny cabins and lived there, just as the other inhabitants did, without any of the modern comforts or conveniences.

He discouraged the potters when they wanted to get away from the simple types that spelled the real beauty of the designers of Staffordshire and of the Chinese. He used all the knowledge he had obtained from books, and documents about their heritage. Mr. Busbee showed and explained to the potters all that he had learned in Art that would be helpful.

Mrs. Busbee had the job of presenting the pottery made in Jugtown to America. The Jugtown products were bought by museums, collectors, and individuals. It did not take long for the products made in Jugtown to become popular, because they were true to the styles of the Staffordshire wares.

Under the guidance of Mr. Busbee and the faithful work of Mrs. Busbee in finding markets for the products made in Jugtown, the people are now "making good" at their pottery making. Jugtown and its pottery is becoming widely known and North Carolina is being greatly benefited by it, because the pottery made in Jugtown does not represent an imitation, but a genuine product.

RACHEL WRIGHT, '31.

MY PICTURE

I have a picture all my own—
A picture of the sea.
It is a mental picture and
Belongs to only me.

A picture of the blue-green sea,
Adorned with snow-white foam,
Breaking on a sandy shore, where
Dashing wavelets roam.

And then the picture changes to
A quiet and peaceful sea,
With a slow, monotonous rumble
As tranquil as can be.

I like this picture of my mind,
This picture of the sea,
For in my dreams it always brings
A certain joy to me.

Cora Southerland, '32.

KOREAN THIRD CLASS PULLMAN

As the train pulls in, the redcap picks up my baggage and looks at me inquiringly.

"Samtung Chim Cha," I reply.

This disdainful nod seems to say, "Chute, but I would respect you more if you traveled first class."

Not a whit abashed, I follow him eagerly in the car and pick out a seat in front. As it is only six p.m. and at Taiden, the car is practically empty; but just wait until we get to Seoul, then there'd be fun. I settled back comfortably in my seat and watched the incomparable Korean landscape unfold! Gold rice fields, the autumn tinted leaves of persimmon trees and pines everywhere, crooked ones, each an individual personality. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw something scramble across the floor. Um-m-m, just as I thought, but then every sleeping car has them. Again another and then another, it was too much, the frantic light of battle glowed in my eye and two heavy feet came down on an equal number of hapless cockroaches. As the fight became more furious and my enemies were dying in hordes, the conductor came by ("The conductor he laughed to see such sport and the cockroach ran away with the room"). He assured me it was useless and laughed condescendingly at these squeamish foreigners. I told him, punctuating my remarks with stamps and small cries of triumph, that he must be a dashed good Buddhist or else frightfully lazy. He hesitated awhile, then chose the "dashed good Buddhist"—nobody likes to be called lazy—and having made his decision, sat down and started practicing his English on me. He somewhat cramped my style in the abolition of cockroaches, so I shut him up, bought a lower berth from him and helped make up the others.

There was nothing to do except to hook up the middle berth—there being three—and no covers to put on. When night comes, you secure a pillow filled with sand, which turns to rocks before the night is over, and crawl in your particular shelf to sleep—if you can.

If you possess a lower berth, there will be a perpetual warfare between you and your neighbors as to the elevation of the window. You raise it, sniff a few breaths of cool air and with a seraphic smile turn over to sleep. Within ten minutes, protesting coughs fill the car and soon a reproachful neighbor closes it with an irritated snap. You wait until certain noises assure you Morpheus has claimed him again, then quietly lift it. A half hour passes this time before chilly feet remind him that the crazy foreigner has offended again. After about four engagements in this underhanded war fought with glares and angry slammings, he will hold an indignation meeting with his friends. You decide immediately that you're awfully sleepy and it's stupid to want fresh air anyway; so you breathe loudly on your pillow and wait until the neighbor's meeting has adjourned from lack of incentive. Half way through the night you wake up with your lungs choked with cigarette smoke and the desire to open the window again. A sudden growling snore from your opponent reminds you of the probability of a violent temper and that discretion is the better part of valor. So to take your mind off the tempting window, you contemplate the inmates opposite.

The man on the middle shelf has gotten down to the blushing minimum for comfort and is stolidly snoring. From above him the hand of an unseen occupant sends down a continued stream of fruit peelings and cigarette stubs. There's an interesting speculation; who is more civilized: the man who publicly divests himself of clothing, or the one who deposits trash on the floor?

An apple peeling slithering into your face decides you in the favor of the man minus the clothing; for he, at least, doesn't disturb your comfort.

At six a.m., you collect your bags, deposit them on the platform, go back in, slam the window wide open and rush out in time to thumb your nose at the outraged faces of your neighbors as the train bears them away.

LOUISE NEWLAND, '32.

REQUIEM

The sun is thrusting lazy fingers through
The tangled vine that clambers o'er the wall.
The fading majesty outlines the bell
Hung high above the church; and shadows fall.

The lonely boxwood guard the iron-spear'd gate,
As if to mass their green against the street.
The willow bends its trailing branches low,
The ivy growing on old stones, to meet.

Outside, the life of men is flowing on—
A frenzied, madd'ning rush for some gold thing,
With fear of that which lies beyond the wall.
I shall not mind the rest that it will bring.

ALICE SEARIGHT, '32.

THE FIFTY DOLLAR BILL

Ann kissed her husband goodbye with unaccustomed fervor. And why not? were there not fifty reasons tucked away in her pocketbook in the shape of a crisp new fifty dollar bill? She boarded the train with a mixed feeling of dread and satisfaction. Some unexpected money can serve to permeate one's being with content, but the prospect of a long grimy trip on a sleepy local car came near overshadowing it.

After a few hour's spasmodic progress, Ann swore once again a solemn oath not to make the trip to Springfield by train. The next time would be by bus if they didn't get a line through before she was old, gray and decrepit.

Just as she had decided to curl up and die from sheer boredom, a nice looking woman came into the car and sat down opposite Ann. She was neatly dressed and seemed to have an air of refinement about her that immediately made Ann wish that there were some excuse for them to speak and become acquainted. She felt she must talk to someone and it had better be this nice woman than the brakeman or porter.

"You seem as bored as I am at having to travel on a dusty train on such a gorgeous day."

This gentle remark startled Ann into the realization that she had been staring at her neighbor ever since her arrival.

"Oh," stammered Ann. "Yes—yes. It is a lovely day outside but so warm in here."

Then both felt sufficiently introduced and soon found, as women seem to have a knack for doing, that their respective "Juniors" thrived from the same breakfast food and that talcum powder was good to clean white kid with. (Julia found this out when she remarked on the difficulty of keeping her new bag

free from grime and dust.) Then the conversation ranged from mayonnaise and fudge recipes to Joan Crawford's latest picture.

Eventually Ann realized that the sun was beating in on her unmercifully and she was forced to interrupt the absorbing conversation to lower the shade. This was more easily said than done, however, for the Pullman Company seem to have an especially constructed shade which staunchly resists all efforts of harassed travelers.

"This is the stubbornest curtain I've ever seen in my life," said Ann through her teeth as she struggled manfully but keeping an eye out for any helpful looking male.

"The only gentleman present seems to be far from the land of contrary curtains, judging from his audible slumbering. Shall I help?" asked her companion.

"No, you hold my bag and gloves and I'll make one last valiant effort. If this isn't successful I'll have to confess my weakness and call the porter. But I hate to be daunted by a measly shade."

Then as if it had only wanted coaxes and threats, the curtain came down with a bang and Ann sank down with a sigh of relief into the blessed shade it afforded.

Her companion regarded her flushed cheeks and shiny nose ruefully. "You look a little warm to say the least," she said. "Hold our bags and I'll bring you some ice-water."

She disappeared down the swaying aisle. Ann glanced idly down at the two pocketbooks in her lap and saw that her neighbor's had opened as it dropped into Ann's lap. As she started to close the bag she stiffened. There just inside the bag lay a crisp new fifty dollar bill. In a flash Ann saw through it all. The quiet unassuming manner was to throw one off guard and the pleasant conversation to win confidence. This very naturally led up to the offer to hold her bag. It was all so

simple Ann's blood rose as she remembered how perfectly she had fitted into the trick. For she had not only given the thief the bag but had turned her back as she struggled with the shade. It was but the work of a moment for her to open Ann's bag and slip the bill into her own. Well, thought Ann, it would be but the work of another moment to slip it back again. Making an outcry and accusing the woman would do no good for more than likely the thief was an old hand at such tricks and Ann would get only a lot of undesired publicity.

She just had time to return the bill to her own bag and lean back with closed eyes when her erstwhile friend returned.

"I know you must have despaired of my ever returning but the water had to be coaxed from the cooler by the jerking of the train."

She smiled sweetly and Ann was about to smile in return but she realized that this woman was a common, ordinary sneak thief. So she just accepted the water with rather frigid thanks from one who was supposedly affected by heat.

Ann repulsed all attempt at conversation and after a few polite efforts the woman subsided altogether. Had she been able to read Ann's thoughts of her from behind half-closed eyes, it is doubtful whether she would have sat so calmly looking out of the window.

"How could she?" thought Ann. "And pretending to be so nice to me, too. Yes, no doubt she was bored at having to ride on this train. She didn't foresee the little haul she was going to make. Well, my lady, if you're going around on such business you should have the clasp on your pocketbook fixed. That defect was worth fifty dollars to me."

Ann would have passed her station while thinking how clever she had been had not her companion said that this was Springfield. Ann got off thankful that she would never see that woman

again and anxious to tell her experience at home and at the end of the story to wave the bill in their faces.

"And," she finished triumphantly, "here is my fifty dollar bill, just as good as if it had never been stolen."

"Well, it served you right," remarked her brother. "Women seem to think money is safe rolling around loose in those big old hand bags they carry."

"But I didn't have it there, my sage brother. It was right in this little purse where I always keep. . . ."

She stopped short; paralyzed as she opened the little purse. For there just where she had tucked it away that morning, lay her own fifty dollar bill.

SUZANNE MELICK, '32.

CINQUAIN

I hate you!
No, I used to hate you,
But now, to show my cool disdain
I will not condescend
To hate!

LULA BELLE HIGHSMITH, '31.

WIND-LOVER

The wind is a vagabond.
Like a lover he ruffles my hair,
Like a lover caresses the long-tressed grasses,
Brushes the cheeks of the silvery leaves with his soft lips lingering,
Kisses the fragile sweet mouths of the flowers,
Touches with infinite tenderness their delicate chalices brimming with incense,
Thirstily ripples the lily-pond, dragging a chain of fragrance across its still surface;
Elusive, passes ere he is caught
And tangled in the slanting lines of sunlight,
Leaving his hushed laughter hanging softly on the air.

Caroline Ward, '32.

THE DENTIST

All my life I have been dragged reluctantly, at intervals of about three months, to the dentist. At the age of nine, I quite enjoyed these excursions. In those days the dentist gave me tiny tubes of tooth paste and sometimes, in treating a tooth, he used some "pink medicine," with a sweet, spicy flavor, which comfortably burned the end of my tongue when I licked it. One application would last me a whole afternoon!

But now it is different. My "kind" and confidential dentist says I am old enough not to mind a little pain; a *little* pain, mind you. Whenever my Mother delicately broaches the subject, I have a sinking feeling and try to change the topic of the conversation. But in a few days I find myself being propelled to the "chamber of horrors." After studying a three years' old magazine for some moments, my turn comes and I enter with great fear. In about an hour I stagger out and order a double strength Coca Cola at the nearest pharmacy.

There are people who laugh when they unearth my pet fear, and I suppose it *is* childish; but I usually discover that the scoffers are blessed with a perfect chewing-apparatus.

ZELLAH WASHBURN, '32.

HAIRCUTS

Whether any benefit be gained or not, I have become an habitual observer of hair and haircuts. Especially when the sermon is very boring, I begin to note, and to deduce to my heart's content. I am never disappointed with the result of my deductions for I never meet most of those whom I have been subjecting to my analysis.

The military haircut is the most impressive. It seems to be accomplished by inverting a bowl over the head of the victim and shaving up to the edges on the back and sides. The rest of the hair is cut off short so that it bristles aggressively. I believe this is used by those belligerent Teutons, the Germans, very probably for the express purpose of keeping up their reputations and scaring the enemy out of their wits.

The bushy gray head of hair presents a very appealing appearance, especially from the back. This, one immediately deduces, belongs to somebody's Daddy. The gentleman with the pompadour is undoubtedly a musician, preferably a violinist.

Every church abounds in those heads that cause rules to be passed concerning leaning heads against parlor walls.

The bald head, perhaps the most interesting, takes several forms, the ascending forehead and descending crown being most prevalent. It is interesting to note that the part of the head subject to most friction, the back, is generally the last to be bared to the wintry blasts.

In conclusion, I wish to recommend this diversion as a help to the preacher. If this kind of observation were taken up more generally, there would be fewer interruptions to the form of snores.

Caroline Ward, '32.

VENETIAN LACE

For centuries the work of many men has been to find out the origin of lace. Patterns and relics have been studied in vain. It is not doubted, however, that the church was the first organization to patronize lace making. There are no records nor other evidences which lead to the decision concerning the date of the discovery of lace earlier than the fifteenth century.

"The earliest lace pattern books now existing are dated 1527, which proves that the art was already well-known and practiced, as the patterns given in these books are only practicable for very experienced workers."

The story of the first Venetian laces, written by Mrs. Bury Palliser, is very interesting. It is to this effect: There was once a young sailor whose sweetheart would pass away the lonely hours in doing tedious needlework and making fancy laces. "Once her lover brought her a branch of white coral which he had found in some far-away sea and this the little maid cherished during his absence until its beauty so impressed itself upon her that she sought to repeat it in her needle work. In attempting this, her work of love at last resulted in the creation of the marvelous Venetian lace which has defied the most subtle attempts of inventors to produce a machine that should imitate it."

It is practically impossible to tell just exactly when the first real lace was made as it is so closely associated with the making of filmy embroidery, which is, by far, a much older art than that of lace making. The first lace was probably suggested by the embroidery on the thin net and sheer linens. This was done in two ways: first, by cutting out certain sections of the embroidered goods and filling that space with drawn work; and,

second, by first pulling threads and then putting others in. In some cases the threads which are pulled out are used to create some other, entirely different materials.

The development of lace can be traced from the middle of the sixteenth century. Up to this time gold and silks had been used almost exclusively, but in the year 1542 an event occurred which largely made possible the rapid growth of lace. When the king no longer allowed the makers to use so much gold and silk, they turned their attentions to the white work. They tried to see how fancy they could make it and from this resulted this most handsome and very costly lace.

During the reign of Louis XIII in France a great deal of this lace was imported into his country. This was used exclusively at the court by the friends of the king to enrich their costumes. The gentlemen used them at the necks, wrists and as boot-tops.

Also, a great number of Frenchmen who were eager to learn the art hired Italian masters to come into their country and make laces for them. It was in this manner that the trade spread so rapidly from its mother country throughout Europe.

Before giving the different classes of laces and their characteristics, it is necessary for one to first know certain terms used in the making of them. "The cloth or pattern part of lace is called 'toile,' and the bars that connect the patterns or toile are called 'brides.' When the designs are connected by meshes instead of with bars or brides, the ground is called 'reseau.' 'Picots' are the ornaments on brides which in Venetian Point lace become almost as elaborate as the designs themselves. Button-hole picots are threads worked over with button-hole stitches."

In using the button-hole stitch, or, in fact, any other stitch which is used in the making of lace, no cotton at all is used. The principal feature of this button-hole stitch is the threads of the finest flax that one is able to find anywhere. When one is

ready to make a piece of lace, the first step which is taken is to select the desired traced pattern. The nature of the pattern, of course, depends upon the type of lace which is to be made. The next step which follows is the padding. For this linen cords are ordinarily used. The padding is done by working back and forth across the pattern. The finishing stitches, which are known as filling-in stitches, are then added to give just the right touch to the work. These are always done by sticking the needle in and sewing from the left directly to the right. Some lace makers go even further than this to give their designs a more handsome appearance, and, accordingly, the price is higher. This last touch is gained by adding a number of picots to the designs.

Venice was the birthplace of the famous Italian Point laces, which are known and recognized by a great many people throughout the world. The chief characteristics of these laces are the lovely flower designs and scrolls. There are many different kinds of Italian laces, but the one which is most famous for its beauty and richness is the Venetian Point lace. Under this there are three separate classes of designs: "first, Venetian Raised Point and Venetian Rose Point; second, Venetian Flat Point; and, third, the Venetian Grounded Point. The Raised Point has large fantastic flowers issuing from rich scrolls and foliage in the Renaissance style. These designs are outlined with heavy padded thread, called cordonnet, and button-holed over. The Rose Point has smaller patterns and more brides and more picots. It has a whirling, snowy effect and is also called 'Point de Niege," in consequence. The Venetian Flat Point has no cordonnet, but brides and picots are plentiful. The Venetian Grounded Point has a net background. The pattern of the Grounded Point is usually the lily and the edge is the shallow scallop."

MARY A. GAFFNEY, '32.

A FORMULA

Did you ever feel that you'd give anything in the world to think of something to do in the evening? If you did I am sure you will be interested in a formula I have just discovered to prevent this feeling. It is to try studying; for then the ideas will flock in—nay, stampede in!

You read about all Gaul being divided into three parts, and get the best idea for a flower garden. You wish you could start it now. Of course, that's not getting lessons; but, who could get lessons with the neighbor's "Angel Child" blowing his bugle under her window?

You think how nice it would be to hit "Angel Child" with a brick, and then remember there is a perfectly gorgeous picture on at the "State."

Mother calls to ask where the morning paper is, which reminds you of a radio program you'd like to hear.

By this time your poor mind has wandered so far that you stop studying at all. You put the book aside and wish—and what is it you wish? Why that you could think of something to do—of course!

Catherine Harrington, '32.

VEIL OF NIGHT

The night, a misty curtain, hangs
Without my casement; in its folds
Are caught a crescent moon, a star,
Like jewels hung in blue-black hair,
A-stir with vagrant breezes, sighs
Of flowers; wispy fragments curb
A moonbeam sliding down too far;
Untouched, the darkness here below
Lies close with silent, brooding calm;
And just a foot beyond, almost
One might o'erstep the edge of night
And plunge into Infinity.

CAROLINE WARD, '32.

CATULLUS

"Gay Catullus!" Altogether: "Whimsical Catullus!"

But never mind what critics say of him, he represents to the student an oasis in a howling wilderness of battles, invectives, conspiracies and Trojan wars. Just to have someone speak familiarly of love in this formal, lifeless Latin one is accustomed to, seems almost flippant. Students who have toiled through four years of Latin with noses pressed to the grindstone of construction and with no great regard for the life of the work they're doing, sit up and take notice when they find Catullus asking for a thousand kisses, then another hundred, etc. Why, the old codger must have been practically human, and wasn't he the ardent lover though? Must see something about his life, wonder who the ladylove was. Let's see he died at thirty-three—wonder if it was from love—he frittered away his patrimony—oh well, it's nice to find some of these old boys had faults—was a gay companion, rather dissolute and hadn't strength of character enough to keep from loving the wrong woman—never mind, Lesbia just makes him seem really human. And so, for the first time, the average student has taken an actual interest in the life of a Latin writer.

What if Catullus was light and without a sane philosophy of life? That was his funeral, and what interests us is the zest a "thousand kisses" may give to a Latin lesson.

Louise Newland, '32.

TOO LATE

All his life things had happened at the wrong time—he was even dying at the wrong time. John Nelson cursed softly to himself—softly because he did not want "them" to know he was awake. They would come in and stare at him, and wonder when he was going to die, and why he hadn't done it before.

John hoped he would never have to see and hear them again, but even this was denied him. If he turned to the left there was a bed, equally as dirty as his own, with fifty years of dust under it to remind him of them—for dirt always made him think of his family.

To the right, a narrow window looked forlornly upon a desert of scorching sand. Here and there were trees bowed down with the loads of long hanging moss that gave them the appearance of mourning. In the distance was a swamp—and, possibly it was the swamp that reminded him of them. At any rate, there was something so depressing, so dirty, and so ignorant out that window that brought them at once to his mind.

If he closed his eyes there was an even greater torture awaiting him—a vision of the past—so different from the present. England's fair fields rose to torment him; his ancestral home, his mother, sister, brother—all of them flashed once more before his eyes reminding him of the past he both loved and hated.

It might have been yesterday he had been forced to leave England because as usual he had been too late—too late to suspect his younger brother of plotting against him; and now he was dying before he could get even with that brother. It was this that maddened him, that kept him from resting—the fact that he had always been too late.

Why must he think of unpleasant things now? Why did he have to remember, now of all times, how happy he had been back in 1600 when the queen had given him that enormous grant of land in America? Why must he think of his disappointment upon finding that his estate was only swamps and sand. Most of all, why did he have to remember that ignorant, common woman he had married, and his dirty children that he hated and never thought of when he could help it.

Suddenly he heard a noise. He stared around him, but there was nothing. He listened again, yes it was someone crying softly at the foot of his bed. John looked and there sat a ragged little figure clutching his feet and weeping as though her heart would break. Why, it must be one of his children! He wasn't sure, because he had never looked at them when he could avoid it. Anyway, she was a nuisance, and at the risk of bringing in the whole awful crew, he was about to call someone to remove her, when something in her face stopped him. She looked a little like his sister. This child was different from her sisters and brothers. Why hadn't he noticed it before? Creeping tremulously nearer beside the bed, she was speaking:

"Pa, you ain't a-going to die, is you Pa? Ma says you is, and she's glad, but I ain't. You knowed it, don't yer Pa?"

Yes, he knew it. He wished he could think of her name, but for the life of him he couldn't remember whether it was Rosie or Mary.

He stroked her hair and she stopped crying to talk to him. For the first time in years all the resentment had gone—for the first time since he could remember, he was happy.

She talked on and on. What a sweet voice she had. It was a pity she couldn't speak good English. Then a thought occurred to him. When she grew up she would be exactly like her mother! She would marry some person as ignorant as

herself and never sweep under the bed, because it wasn't healthy, as was thought in that section. Unless—!

"Get me some writing paper, quick," he said to her. He wasn't going to let this sweet little thing have such a fate as that, just to save his pride. He would write to his sister—beg her, beseech her to take his little girl.

She ran and got him an old tablet and pencil. He tried to write—why, why, he couldn't! His hand shook so. To save his life he couldn't write a word. He was growing weaker and weaker. He couldn't even tell her now that he was the oldest son of a Lord. He couldn't tell her where his money was buried. All her life she would hunt for it as would her brothers—not that they mattered. She would grow up in ignorance and filth; because, as usual, he was—too late!

A hopeless groan escaped his lips, a faint sigh, and John Nelson was dead. . . .

CATHERINE HARRINGTON, '32.

ON BEING ONE OF TEN CHILDREN

Yes, I am one of ten children—number seven to be exact. It is true that I never get lonesome; sometimes I wish I could, just for the novelty of it, for it seems that "when it rains, it pours" and each member of the family has company at once.

"Spending a quiet evening at home" is an unheard of event at our house. While one sister is practicing piano in one room, another playing her violin in the opposite; a small brother is in the kitchen trying to outdo the two on his new saxaphone. The radio is thrown in for good measure. All this serves as a background for a dramatic argument over the evening paper which often is torn beyond recognition. This is a signal for the 'phone to ring and it never fails. Apt as not it is "married sister" wanting someone to take care of her baby while she attends a bridge party.

One can well imagine the sounds that I hear as I sit in my room upstairs, pondering over Arnold's "Sweetness and Light."

Clothes! the never ending problem. Here the older ones are the more fortunate. Being well down the line myself, you can imagine the "fix" the garments are in when they reach me—sometimes worn or remodeled so that you would hardly know them.

Yet some people think large families are marvelous. Take it from one who knows, being one of ten children is no easy life.

Mildred Womble, '32.

SKETCH

"IT'S A GREAT LIFE"

"The Freshman" was making her final preparations for retiring for the night. She placed the last water-wave comb in place and from a drawer drew out a wide, green organdy sash, which she tied about her head, ending it in an immense bow directly in front—the general effect being that of a big Easter rabbit. Her "coiffure" arranged, she unfolded and spread upon the bed two blankets and a comfort. From the closet she brought forth a heavily furred coat, a pair of stout walking shoes, and a pair of wool stockings. These articles of clothing she neatly arranged at the foot of the bed, and as light bell rang, opened her window and climbed into bed but not for sleep.

Twelve o'clock!—clang! clang! clang! The great gong in the lower hall began to ring, and in a moment the electric bells on each hall joined in with their frantic shrilling. From under her "mountain" of cover "The Freshman" rose, every hair on her red head tingling. With a final heave she landed on the floor and grabbed for the walking shoes and wool stockings. With a jerk both pajama legs were rolled up, stockings pulled on and the left shoe put on the right foot.

The second alarm rings out and "the Room-mate" a senior, whose dignity and poise, under any circumstances, are her chief pride and joy, opens the door into the hall and takes her place in line, followed by "The Freshman," still struggling frantically with one coat sleeve.

"Was their window down? Was the light out? Was she imagining things or did the air seem a bit hazy?"

These questions rushed through her mind as the Monitor completed her roll and the line began its descent of the fire-escape. "The Freshman" finding it for some reason difficult to walk down the stairs with feet pointed forward, descended side-ways.

On the campus, the final roll completed, the Physical Director declared the girls to be disbanded. "The Freshman" toiled up the fire-escape with the others, this time with her feet forward because the right shoe had been changed to the right foot.

Again in her room, she climbed into bed for the second time that night. This time she slept—the first fire-drill of the year was over!

Alice McKinnon, '31.

BOOK REVIEW

Laughing Boy

By Oliver La Farge

Cambridge—Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50. 302 pp.

Mr. La Farge has dedicated his book, *Laughing Boy,* to

"The only beautiful squaw I have ever seen
in all my life, whose name I have forgotten."

This is indeed an apt dedication if the "beautiful squaw" was as pretty as the characters of his book are strong and beautiful and fine.

Mr. La Farge is one of our latest novelists and has indeed with his first novel stepped high in rank among the best. He has taken an Indian setting and invented a beautiful, live, poetic story full of Navajo ceremonies, rites and customs. In language simple and forceful, he tells of the Indian, Laughing Boy, and his Indian wife, Slim Girl, who had come in contact with the pale-faces' civilization. Laughing Boy is a strong character with highest ideals and sentiments. He has a very keen sense of love, hate, right, wrong and honor. He knows his own thoughts, reasons out his feelings and trusts when he cannot understand. He is deeply spiritual yet his gods often taunt and worry him. Slim Girl is also a powerful character. She has been wronged by a pale-face and swears to have vengeance. Her husband does not understand this part of her life because he is ignorant of its existence, yet he is extremely conscious of emotions it causes. Finally comes complete understanding and the climax is reached. The story moves one deeply

as it is so terribly alive. The last two chapters are a masterpiece of real feeling. They are a song rising from the heart of a Navajo boy to his gods who can give him peace and quiet and a contented though lovely life. His sorrow and grief are a part of his existence. He says over and over again "In beauty it is finished, in beauty it is finished, in beauty it is finished. Thanks." He repeats the lines of his song, his prayer, "Never alone, never lamenting, never empty, Ahalani, beautiful!"

Elizabeth Mauldin, '31.

NEWS NOTES

February 22. The Juniors decorated the dining room for the dinner hour.

February 21. Mrs. Lily Morehead Mebane and Mrs. Lindsay Patterson entertained the Peace girls with accounts of some of their experiences abroad. Mrs. Mebane wore the full court costume in which she was presented at the Court of St. James.

March 5. Miss Virginia Cox and Mr. John Dughi, pupils of Mrs. Bessie Raye McMillan and Mr. John Cole, pianist, gave a private recital for the Peace girls.

March 14. The annual society plays were held—the Pi Theta Mus presented "Figure Heads" by Louise Sanders and the Sigma Phi Kappas presented "The Lights of Happy Land" by Marcia Short. The cup this year went to the Pi Theta Mu Society.

March 14-16. Forty-two high school girls, most of them prospective students, spent the week-end at Peace.

March 21. Miss Raynor entertained with a lovely party for the French and Spanish departments. The old study hall had never been so "dressed up" in its life and a series of interesting contests, beautiful refreshments, and a wholesome good time made the party one of the nicest of the year.

March 24-27. Quarterly tests.

April 2-6. Spring holidays.

April 17. The Juniors entertained for the Seniors in the form of a picnic held at the Scout Camp near Raleigh. The girls went out on trucks and after reaching the camp took part in a "hound and hare chase," led by Dr. Pressly. At a later hour a delicious picnic supper was served.

April 25. The Annual Senior Play, under the direction of Miss Ann Hall, was presented. This year's play bore the title—"The Path Across the Hill."

May 1. The Junior Commercials were hostesses at the annual May Day breakfast held on the back campus.

May 2. Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Daniels were at home to the Peace girls from 7:30-10:30 p.m.

May 4. Mr. John Cole, pianist, assisted by Miss Marian Coppedge, soprano, gave a splendid concert.

May 8. The Annual May Day program, this year in the form of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Robin Hood, was held on the west campus.

May 9. Mr. Brawley presented in concert, Miss Laura Weatherspoon, organist, assisted by Miss Sarah Hoke Clark, soprano, and Miss Alice McKinnon, mezzo-soprano.

May 15-22. Final examinations.

May 23. 10:00 a.m.—Prep graduating exercises.

May 23. 8:30 p.m.—Intermediate concert.

May 24. 11:00 a.m.—Baccalaureate Services at the First Presbyterian Church of Raleigh. Sermon by Dr. Walter Lingle, President of Davidson College.

May 24. 7:00 p.m.—Vesper Services on Campus.

May 25. 5:00 p.m.—Class Day Exercises.

May 25. 8:30 p.m.—Annual Concert.

May 26. 1:00 p.m.—Alumnæ Luncheon.

May 26. 8:00 p.m.—Graduating Exercises. Commencement Address by Miss Emily W. Dinwiddie.

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